BEER
No, just give me ten back. Thanks.

Carrie?

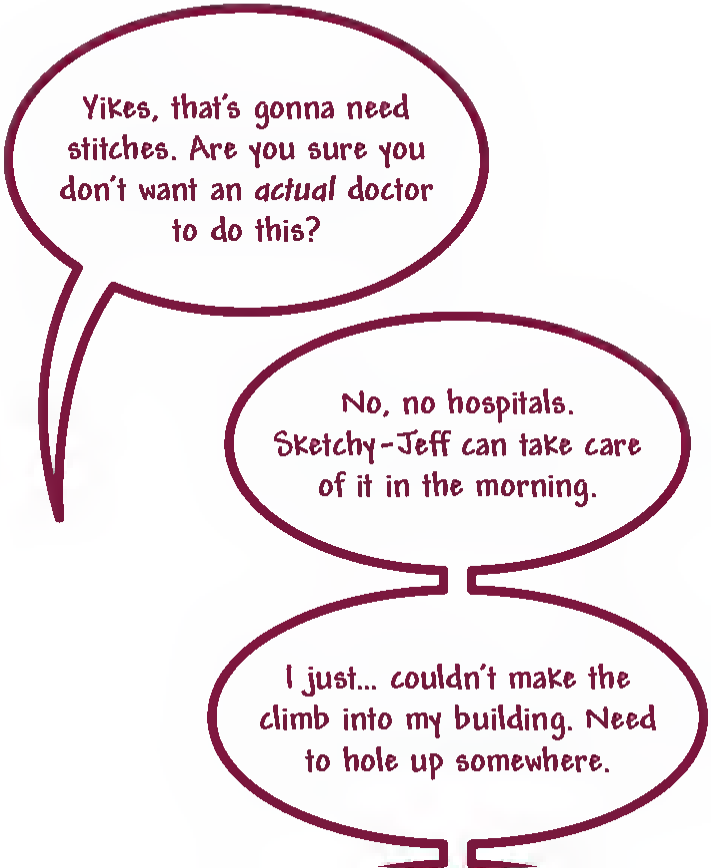
Are you dead?

Carrie!

Christ. You're bleeding everywhere!

Sorry. Messy.

Really not where I was going with that.
CLop CLop


Yikes, that's gonna need stitches. Are you sure you don't want an *actual* doctor to do this?
No, no hospitals. Sketchy-Jeff can take care of it in the morning.
I just... couldn't make the climb into my building. Need to hole up somewhere.

No security cameras.

Alright, c'mon,
fire escape, this way.

POWER BALLAD

CHAPTER NINE

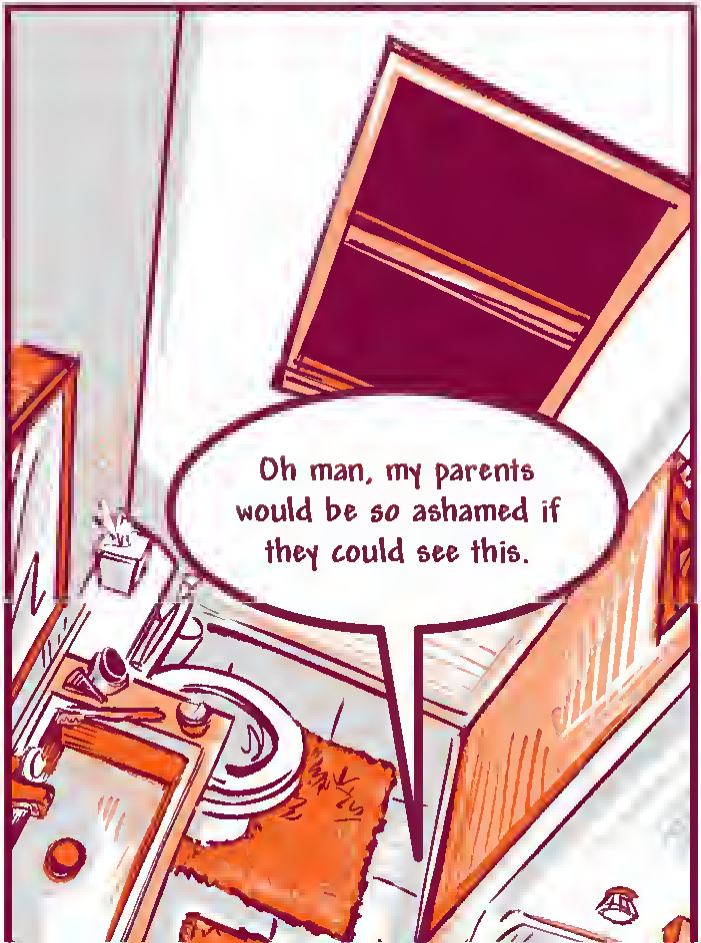
That's it, just a little further. There you go.

THUNK

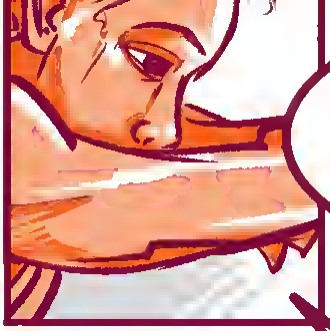
I'm gonna go grab the first aid kit. Don't move, I mean it.

Thank you.

...No problem.

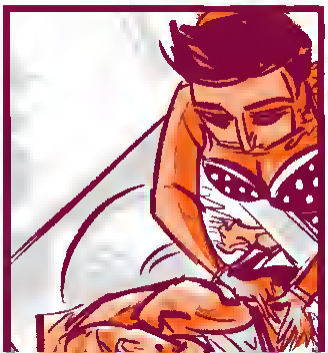

Oh man, my parents would be *so* ashamed if they could see this.

The half-naked woman in your tub?

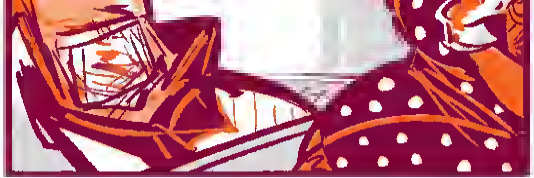


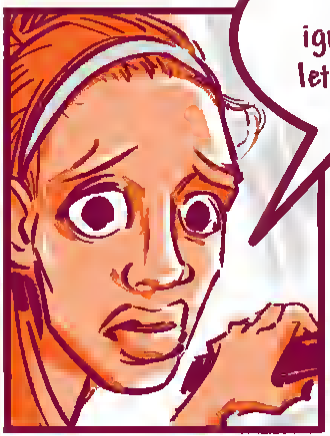
Ha, *no*.
This terrible patch job.
They're both doctors?

Oh, right,
I knew that.



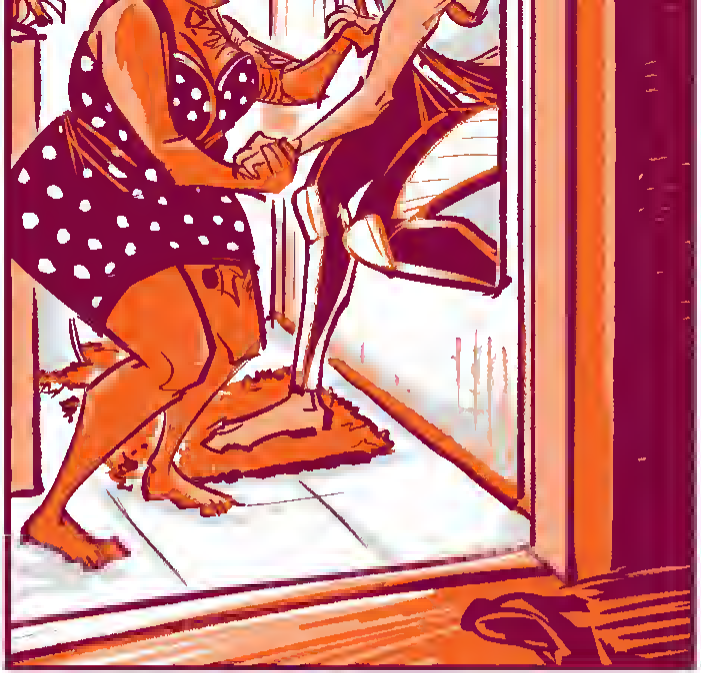
Oh no!
What, what's wrong?

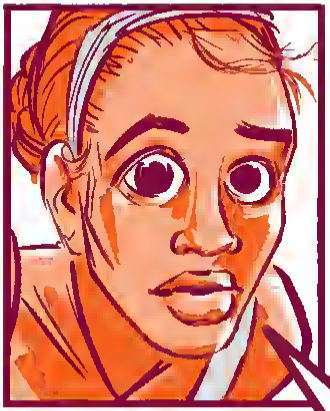



I'm so sorry.
I didn't even think—
it's ass o'clock on a Friday,
and you were out clubbing
in your sex dress.
You should have just
ignored my call instead of
letting me ruin your night.

This is *not* my—
—okay, yes, it's kind of my sex dress.
But I ruined my night allllllll on my own before you called, so don't worry about it.

You can sleep here tonight. I mean—not in the *bathtub*, obviously.
I have a couch, and if you promise to try really *really* hard not to bleed on it—
Meera.





Thank you.

Really.

This is *not* in your job description, I know that.

I just panicked, and your name was the first thing that popped into my head.

Hey, no no no.

This isn't personal

assistant shit. This is friend shit, okay?

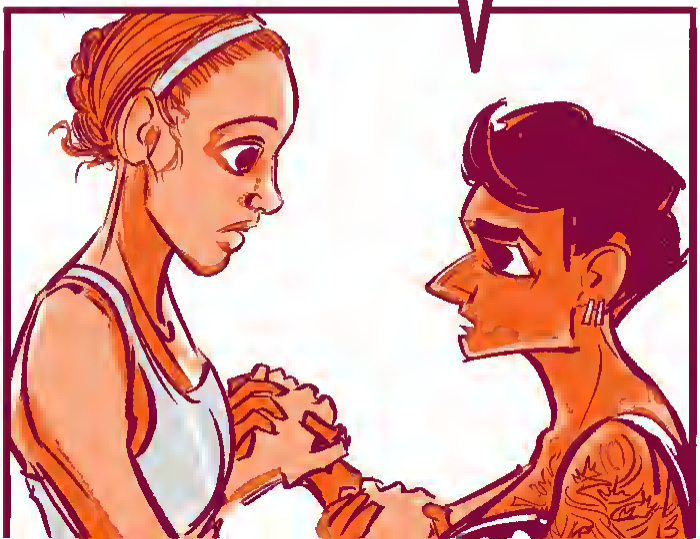
You *should* call me when you're in trouble.

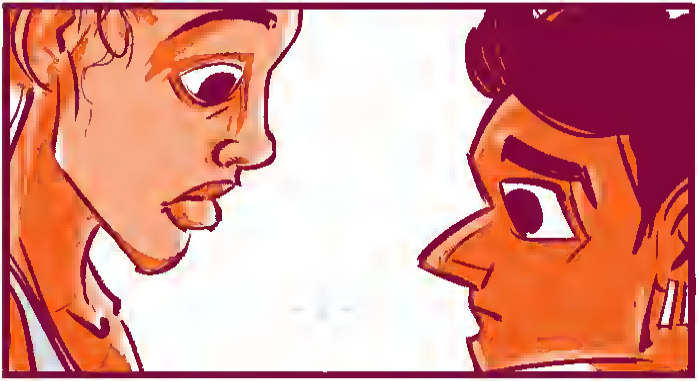
Because you're in trouble *all the time*, and it's terrifying.

I don't want to step on your weird crime hobby or whatever, but it's...extremely dangerous?

So if you won't let me seal you in a hypoallergenic bulletproof safety bubble...

I at least want to know what's happening and help however I can, okay?





I lost a lot of blood.

I should probably drink some juice or something.

Right, right, help yourself, everything's in the fridge, I'm gonna.

I'm gonna go change. Back in a sec!

Click

Get a grip.

Damn sex dress is messing with my head.
ZIPPER

Wow, this couch is... such a unique piece.

Hideous, isn't it?

Lauren left it here when she dumped me to go 'find herself' in Iceland.

But hey—free couch!

What are those hooks for?

Hm?

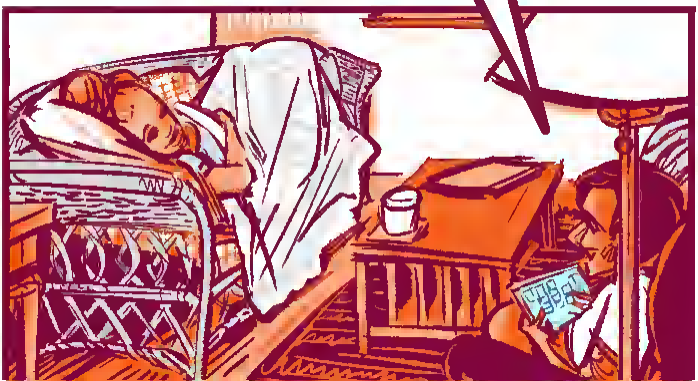
Oh, hanging plants. Those ones in the corner.

I took them down last month so they'd be easier for Todd to water while I was following you around Milan.

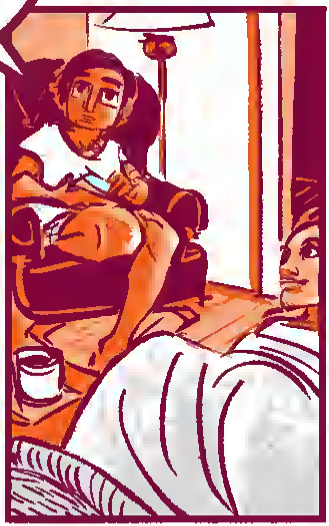
I didn't know you had a green thumb.

I *don't*.

Those are spider plants, they're basically impossible to kill.



I probably should hang them back up, though. I think they like it better over there.

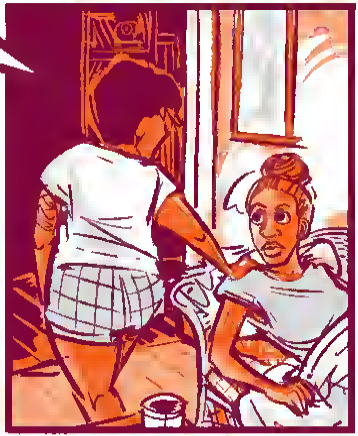


No time like the present, right?

Need help?

Not from *you*, pincushion.

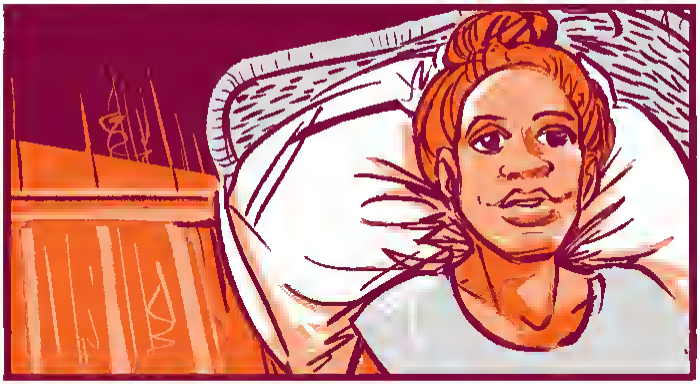
Me and the stepladder will be just fine.



There we go.

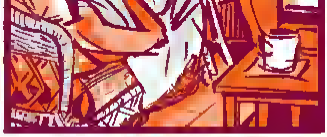
...Or was the big one in the corner?

Thanks again for letting me stay over.



Hey, I told you. Anytime.

There!
Now you've got some fun plant friends to look at while you fall asleep.



And I should probably head off to bed, myself.
Don't want to be late to work in the morning—my boss is a real hardass.

Good night, Meera.
Night, Carrie.